THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MRS. BENNET,

[With an elegant Portrait.]

The Biography of Mrs. BENNET *is necessarily deferred till our next Number.*

ON SERIOUS RETIREMENT.

THE great and the worthy, the pious and the virtuous, have ever been addicted to *serious retirement*. It is the characteristic of little and frivolous minds, to be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of life. These fill up their desires, and supply all the entertainment which their coarse apprehensions can relish. But a more refined and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it, feels a call for higher pleasures, and seeks them in retreat. The man of public spirit has recourse to it in order to form plans for general good; the man of genius, in order to dwell on his favourite themes; the philosopher, to pursue his discoveries; and the saint, to improve himself in grace. B.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXX.

My Dear Madam,

CONVINCED that you have the real welfare of the sex at heart, and that you are happy to embrace every opportunity of rectifying their mistaken opinions, and strengthening their laudable resolutions, I venture to lay my melancholy story before you for their instruction. Sorry I am to think, that it is by no means an uncommon one; yet the frequency of misery, arising from imprudent connections, does not lessen its weight to the individual who suffers; and though advice may be thrown away on the multitude, perhaps there are some who will listen to the counsels of experience; and it is with this hope that I have submitted to the pain of bitter recollections.

My father was a respectable yeoman in the county of Berks, who occupied a freehold farm of about three hundred a year, which had been handed down to him by his ancestors through several generations. It had been their pride never to diminish their patrimonial estate; and they seemed to have had as little desire to encrease it. It was enough for them not to recede; they had no ambition to advance; and if they consulted their own happiness, undoubtedly their practice was right. New accessions of fortune only create new wants; and he who attempts to move in a sphere to which he has not been accustomed, only excites the envy of his equals, and exposes himself to the ridicule of his superiors.

My father had married a lady of some fortune, and of connections higher than his own. She had been used to fashionable life; and when she became the wife of a yeoman, though she was careful to discharge the duties of her station, as far as she thought her

her circumstances required, she always shewed a desire for occasional visiting, and a taste for harmless gaiety; not so injurious, indeed, to the interests of her family, as it tended to inspire them with similar inclinations, and to give a new direction to their pursuits. The most perfect concord and affection subsisted between her and my father that I ever witnessed; and though he had no ambition to distinguish himself, except for being a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour, and an honest man; yet, following the impulse of his heart, he was ever ready to comply with her reasonable wishes, and even to humor her whims. As we lived about four miles from Reading, one of the most agreeable provincial towns in the kingdom, my mother frequently rode thither with my father when he attended market; but as her family, of which I was the eldest, began to encrease, and the example of many, who were her inferiors, appeared to sanction her taste for shew, riding on horseback was found inconvenient as well as ungenteel for a matron; and the necessity, and even the economy, of a gig, were so dinned in my father's ears with all the persuasive eloquence of love, that the good man, without being thoroughly convinced, really began to be ashamed of not allowing his wife this moderate kind of equipage, which her fortune, and original rank in life, seemed to require more than many who enjoyed similar accommodations.

The gig was no sooner started, than it was put in requisition, on every occasion of business or pleasure. It was found equally convenient as a marketing conveyance, and as a vehicle on an assembly night. By degrees, however, this, which ought to have bounded the ambition of my poor mother, was thought insufficient. By the death of an unmarried brother, she came in for a fortune of 5000l. beyond her original portion; and as I was now fifteen, and had just returned from school, the advantage of a chariot was

painted in such glowing colours, that my father was induced to purchase one; and you may naturally suppose, my dear Madam, that Miss was not a little pleased and proud to ride in her family carriage, and to be noticed by the young gentlemen with distinction and applause. Nature had given me a healthy constitution, and a lively disposition. I possessed the freshest bloom of youth, and my glass confirmed the flattering compliments I received on the score of beauty. In a word, before I was sixteen years old, I was not only the object of admiration amidst the narrow circle in which I had hitherto moved, but was toasted, as pernicious whisperers informed me, by the well-bred, and the gay, wherever I had shewn my face.

It requires little self-denial for the ordinary or the aged to shut themselves up in retirement, and to withdraw from a world that is wholly indifferent about what becomes of them; but for youth and beauty, amidst the blandishments of attention, to seek the shades of concealment, would argue a degree of frigid prudence that could scarcely be expected from human nature. I confess I was eager to embrace every opportunity of going into what is called good company, and was not insensible to the compliments I received from men of polished manners. As for the rustics, with whom I was generally surrounded, they seemed beneath my notice: I returned their awkward flatteries with ridicule, and soon became as much dreaded as a wit, as I was admired as a beauty.

My mother perceiving that my charms were generally acknowledged, fanned the latent flame in my bosom; and though she had been herself very happy as the wife of a substantial yeoman of plain and unsophisticated manners, she was constantly holding up higher prospects for me, and matching me, in idea, to some gentleman of rank and independence; without reflecting that men of the world seldom marry

marry for love; and that a family of five children (two sons and three daughters,) of which ours consisted, with much greater economy than she had ever used or recommended, could receive but slender portions from the savings of a limited income, particularly as the estate was to descend to the eldest son. In my progress through life, I have frequently had the pain to witness the inconsiderate conduct of young females; but I really believe that many of their errors may be traced to the greater, and less excusable, folly of those whose opinions they are taught to respect, and on whose experience and advice they think it safe to rely. I acknowledge my original bias in favour of gentility; but I verily believe that my notions would not have soared so high, had they not been encouraged by maternal solicitude to see me matched to a superior. In gratifying that wish, duty and inclination both conspired to mislead me; and you will not wonder that I was early caught in the toils which I had been instructed to lay for others.

I had attended the public assemblies at Reading for two winters, and accepted many invitations to private balls, as well as select parties, where the increase of adulation had been profusely offered up at the shrine of my beauty, without feeling my brain intoxicated by its fumes, or my heart inflamed by a particular passion. Amidst so many who courted my attention with equal merits, I found it difficult to select one; and though I certainly could number among my suitors, some who had a just title to be chosen as objects of particular regard, the God of Love had not yet touched my breast with the arrow that was to fix my destiny. I had hitherto worshipped vanity and ambition; but I was soon taught to renounce their suggestions, or to unite them with a sweeter kind of devotion.

Captain Edward T. the eldest son of the Honourable Mr. T. and who was allied to some of the first fam-

families in the kingdom, happened to be quartered at Reading. I first met him at the house of a common friend in that town; and though love at first sight is ridiculed by the frigid, and justly censured by the prudent, I confess I was delighted to find that he eyed me with no common regard, and that he anxiously sought an opportunity of seeing me again. Polished in his address, elegant in his form, and possessed of a fund of agreeable qualities, I could not be blind to his merits; nor was he wanting in his endeavours to confirm the prepossessions which he probably saw I was too ready to entertain in his favor. In a short time, he expressed his wish to be allowed the honour, as he termed it, of paying his addresses to me in form. My mother, fascinated with his rank, without enquiring into the means he had of supporting a wife, easily prevailed on my father to sanction our correspondence; and I was too much charmed with his present attentions, to reflect, that the nature of his profession, in which the calls of honour are louder than those of love, might soon deprive me of them for ever. My father, indeed, was rather influenced by affection than convinced by reason, that this match was likely to promote my happiness; and the more he saw us both entangled in the snares of love, the more anxious he became about the event. "Think, my dearest Harriet," he would often say, "think what must be your feelings, should you have the mortification to find that the relations of the Captain disown the connection: or, should the indissoluble knot be tied, to learn the too probable but afflicting news, that his king and country demand his services in some distant clime." He probably has little else to depend on, except the emoluments of his profession, and the chance of rising in it; and your fortune would not justify him in withdrawing from the army, or even enable him to continue in it, with the prospect of comfortably viding for a family. If he goes abroad, you must be

be miserable to be left at home: if you accompany him, it may possibly be to behold distress which you cannot alleviate, and to double his afflictions, by the dangers to which you will inevitably be exposed." A sigh or a tear was the only reply I could make to those sensible remarks. He could not endure to distress me, and therefore always dropt the subject, without pressing for an answer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ANGLING PARTY.

[From Mrs. Le Noir's *Village Anecdotes*, just published.]

MRS. Peterson fears I shall be dull in the absence of her daughters. She often proposes schemes of amusement, which I usually decline: however, a fishing party being planned this morning, and the weather proving favorable, I readily agreed to accompany my young friend, who seemed eager to partake of it. Mr. Thomas Peterson, and a servant with casting nets and baskets, led the way: we followed along the meadows till Mrs. Peterson, finding the grass wet, quitted the party: Harriet and I were shod against such trifling inconveniencies; and she would by no means consent to let us accompany her home. While the sportsmen followed the course of the river through a narrow path, rather too difficult for us, we seated ourselves on some stumps of trees, whence we could see them at once, and admire the winding of it, which just on this spot is extremely beautiful. The opposite bank has a narrow margin of meadow; it then rises in a gentle slope, the top of which is covered with woods, now richly clad in all the varied tints of autumn, and forming a beautiful contrast to the vivid green below. Some sheep, with fleeces of a snowy whiteness, were feeding on the slanting side of the hill; and the sound of a flute,

brought

brought near by a gentle breeze, and the water, rendered the scene completely Arcadian.

"Where is the shepherd?" said Harriet, who, I believe, expected to have seen one in all the elegance of pastoral simplicity, with a crook ornamented with ribbons and flowers. "He is yonder, my dear," said I, pointing to a little ragged boy lying on the ground; who was certainly what she enquired for, though such a blot in the picture had escaped her notice. "*That* the shepherd, Mrs. Villars!" said she; "that is a *Shropshire* shepherd indeed. Oh, how you break the spell! But I still hear the flute; there is another not far off."

Mr. Thomas now reminded us of him, whom we had almost forgotten, with a loud holla, that he had got a perch of two pounds; and impatiently calling to us to come and see his sport. I took my companion's arm, and led her reluctant from this enchanting spot. We traversed the long grass through an unbeaten disagreeable path, to join the fishermen, for they were going another way home; and Mr. Thomas would not stir a step to meet us. I should have left him and his fish to have sunk or swam together, and have returned by the way we came, had not another consideration led me to prefer that which he took, as it led from the sound of the music, and of course from the musician, whom I could not but guess at, and feared to expose my young friend to meet, her heart thus softened, and her imagination thus warmed, and thus prepared for the most dangerous impressions. We followed our leaders, whose baskets were well filled with fish; and saw them throw their net several times unsuccessfully. Mr. Thomas now grew tired, and proposed returning, to which we readily agreed.

On our return, passing a turnip field after we had left the river, on the side of a coppice, Sailor, who is always of our walking parties, started a fine cock pheasant. Mr. Thomas and his man made a point,

as

as their dogs might have done. The former cursed his stupid head for going a fishing the first day of pheasant shooting; and ordering his man to mark the bird, set down his basket; and, without the least apology, ran off in pursuit of a gun. In the mean time the bird rose again, and directed its flight to the wood. The servant, loaded as he was with the net, took to his heels, to watch its direction; and we were left with the basket of fish, and Sailor, to shift as we could.

We stood looking at each other, in a sort of ridiculous distress, which ended, however, in a fit of laughter.—"To be sure they will come back, and seek for their fish, Ma'am," said Harriet. "For their fish, perhaps, they may, my dear," said I; "for we seem to be quite out of the question." We then seated ourselves on the grass, and waited patiently a full half-hour, expecting their return; unwilling to leave the produce of our morning's sport to the mercy of the first passenger that was able to carry it. We were in a sort of dell, between two rising grounds, and could see nothing beyond. Harriet went on all sides to *reconnoitre*, but could discover no creature of whom to inquire our way, or solicit assistance. In this dilemma, we agreed that any thing was better than sitting still to take cold: we, therefore, took the basket between us, and made towards the river, in order to regain the path we knew. Our load warmed as well as wearied us; and we were often obliged to stop and rest. In one of these pauses, just as we were within knowledge, Sailor, who was jumping and caressing us, as suddenly sprang away, as if he had started some other game. The faithful creature ran to greet an acquaintance who always takes notice of him: it was Mr. Ewer, who soon joined us; and, after the first compliments, he expressed his surprise to see us so incumbered. "Who has loaded two fair ladies so unconscionably?" said he.—"Have you discovered some poacher's hoard?

hoard? for, to be sure, you never caught all this fish yourselves?" We were obliged to explain how we came in charge of it, and to accept of his assistance to convey it home, which he absolutely insisted upon: he hoisted his pack, and we set forward once more. "My scheme on leaving home, was to have fished too, ladies," said he; "but I was beguiled by my flute, and have been sauntering on the banks of the river, and playing old tunes to beguile old sorrows, the whole morning through. I was, however, on the point of adjusting my tackle to begin, when my good genius directed me to this meadow, as a more convenient spot, where so much happiness awaited me."

Mr. Ewer is certainly not handsome; yet, at this moment, I almost thought him so. Pleasure flushed his pale cheeks, and sparkled in his expressive eye: he tripped lightly before us; and absolutely carried his load with a grace. His countenance was not the only one that brightened at this unexpected and opportune rencontre: indeed all were pleased, to the very dog; and who could blame us? As for Mr. Ewer, his harmony of spirits broke out in an extempore song, which he struck up with infinite humour, as follows:—

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Thomas?
In the path, hard by the grove,
He has wandered from us.

We with him our home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Here's the fish the Shepherd took
At the river's fountain.

Never shall he see them more,
Until his returning;
Should he find the dinner o'er,
Joy will turn to mourning.

Thus entertained, our walk did not seem long: we reached home without seeing any thing of our company, or meeting any further adventure; and Mr. Ewer having deposited his load, took his leave.

WINTER

WINTER QUARTERS.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 304.)

DISTRESS.

THE illness of the Count was tedious and alarming. Every time he slumbered, Claudine busied herself in preparing some ornamental work for sale. One day she stole out, elate with hope, and the pleasing expectation of success. She hurried through the crowded streets, and entered a shop where many tasteful works were exhibited. The woman who undertook to examine her merchandise, surveyed the fair emigrant with a sarcastic smile. "What do you ask for this basket, child?" Claudine spoke very imperfect English, but gave her to understand, that, not being much accustomed to work for money, she would trust to her liberality. "Ah, that's all *palaver*," replied the smart shop-keeper. "I *hates* such cant; but its just like you *French*. Now as for *these here* things, we *gets 'em* for nothing almost; for the *streets swarms* with emigrants, who are glad enough to change such fine *gimcracks* for a little English beef: to be sure *these here* are pretty enough; but, Lord love you, child, I am over-stocked already." "Then, Madam," said Claudine, with some spirit, "you need not have detained me here to insult my feelings." "Bless my soul, Miss, you are mighty pert. Insult the feelings of a French emigrant, who comes here to live upon us *like locusts*, and snap the bread out of our mouths! No wonder times are hard, indeed, when we stand behind our counters, from morning to night, to help to feed such a vagabond set." Unable to bear this gross attack, Claudine burst into tears, and sunk into a chair. At that moment an elderly gentleman entered: he regarded Claudine with a look of concern,

and inquired of the shopkeeper who she was. "Some fine, affected French madam, who wants me to buy her trumpery. Tricks in all trades I see!—But, dear Sir, don't stand looking at her; my poor Dicky is so bad, he coughed for a whole hour this morning; and he is wishing for you; for he says, he is sure you will order him some more of that nice stuff with tamarinds in it." "You will be good enough to permit me to attend to this young lady, Mrs. Thompson: Dicky is not in immediate danger; this poor girl is very ill." Claudine, who had scarcely eaten any thing for three days, was, indeed, very faint; and the brutality of the shopkeeper had overpowered her spirits, already depressed by misfortune. Perceiving she was an unwelcome intruder, she attempted to rise: the gentleman, perceiving she wanted assistance, offered his arm, which necessity obliged her to accept. Turning to Mrs. Thompson, he told her, he would call to see Dicky in an hour; and then inquired of Claudine where she lived; and, as soon as she gave him her address, called a coach, and begged permission to attend her home. Gratified by his kind attention, so soothing to her wounded pride, after the severe mortification she had experienced, she readily gave permission; and, finding her companion understood French, entered into a brief sketch of her sad story, and candidly let him know the real state of their finances. Mr. Nesbit heard her with attentive compassion, and, being a physician of eminence, expressed his pleasure that it was in his power to be of service to her father. The heart of Claudine felt grateful, but she knew not how to act: the small supply of money the Count had brought to London, was already exhausted; they were in arrears for their lodging, and she felt discouraged from the thought of raising money by her own industry. Nesbit, who saw what was passing in her mind, assured her, in the most delicate manner, of his disinterestedness; and they proceeded together to the lodging of the Count d'Arnaud.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

Dr. Nesbit attended the Count daily, and had many opportunities of observing the virtuous Claudine. Pity and admiration soon gave birth to love; and though the good physician was near fifty years of age, a plain man, and a Protestant, he ventured to form a wish that Claudine would not reject the offer of his hand. The many obligations conferred by him, had, indeed, awakened in the breast of that amiable girl, the liveliest gratitude, which manifested itself in every word and action; but her heart was still filled with the image of the unworthy Hamilton. Time, however, and the sad conviction of his baseness, had softened the impression; but every emotion revived, when her father, in persuasive accents, entreated her to marry Dr. Nesbit. It was in vain her father represented to her, that she had no other way of discharging their vast debt of gratitude; that she would secure the comfort of his future days, and make a worthy man happy; that it was useless to waste her hours in regret for an unworthy object, while prospects so unexpectedly fortunate presented themselves, and a thousand such arguments, which she could only answer with her tears, but which her reason gradually yielded to. At length, overpowered by persuasion and entreaty, for a father's sake, to preserve him from perishing in a strange land, a prey to want and sorrow, she yielded herself to their persuasions, and promised to become the wife of Nesbit; who, charmed by her compliance, sent for his attorney, and made the most liberal settlements. To this Claudine would have objected: she begged him to consider the interest of his own relations, nor distress her by generosity which could only make her appear mercenary in the eyes of those who might form expectations from him. He smiled, and replied, "I have been very cautious how I raised expectations

which might never be fulfilled; I have always suffered it to be understood, that my money would be put to charitable uses; and I have few relatives who require any addition to their fortunes: one poor lad only would have been benefited by my remaining single; and if he does not grumble at my conduct, I have yet enough in reserve to provide handsomely for him."

THE WEDDING DAY.

That her father might not have reason to think she suffered too acutely in the sacrifice she was making to his interest, Claudine met the day which was to decide her fate with a serene countenance. The Count, considerably recovered, attended them to church, and Nesbit, in silent exultation, led the trembling Claudine to the altar: her father regarded her with an imploring countenance, and she determined to support this last trial with resolution; yet her accents faltered when she attempted to repeat the words of the clergyman; and turning round to catch a glance of encouragement from d'Arnaud, she gave a loud shriek, and, covering her face with her hands, she sunk senseless at the feet of the terrified Nesbit. "What can be the cause of this?" he cried, in a tone of agitation. "Am I so hateful to her?" "Oh, no, Sir," said Alfred Hamilton, advancing; "it is I who am so hateful: the sight of me has done this: faithless girl, have you still some feeling for the wretched Hamilton!" "Explain this strange scene, I intreat you," says Nesbit. "It is this gentleman, Sir, who must explain," replied Hamilton. "Say, Count, why was Claudine torn from me so cruelly? Why was I condemned unheard?" "Accuse me not of cruelty or injustice," returned d'Arnaud; "I confronted your accuser, and am convinced of your villany." "By Heavens," exclaimed Alfred, "I deserve not that aspersion: despair has brought me hither; I could refute this vile calumny, but it is now too late. Claudine, Claudine,

you have undone me." Roused by his voice, Claudine rose from the supporting arms of Nesbit. "Oh, do not quarrel," cried she earnestly; "I never wronged you, Hamilton; my esteem, my love was yours. Ah, what do I say! Go, go; it is now indeed too late." Impatient at this delay, the clergyman closed his book, and would have retired. Mr. Nesbit begged him to wait a few moments; then turning to Claudine, he said, "If my nephew is the young man to whom you was once attached, and whom you slightly mentioned to me the day we first met, I must, in justice to him, and every one concerned, have this affair completely investigated. With respect to your principal accusation, I think I dare venture to assert, that Alfred is not married; but if he has been the betrayer of innocence, and would now desert her he has deluded, and comes here with the invidious intent of disturbing your peace and mine, he is even more base than you supposed him. What can you plead in your vindication?"

"This, Sir," said Hamilton, drawing a paper from his bosom, "is the acknowledgment of Captain Naish, written in presence of, and signed by, the principal officers of the regiment. In it he confesses, that the deception passed on the Count d'Arnaud was entirely of his own contrivance, with a view to separate me from Claudine, and to get her into his own power; that the woman who passed for my wife, was his own mistress; and that I have drawn this confession from him at the sword's point." Claudine clasped her hands together in rapture; then recollecting her situation, hid her face in her father's bosom, and wept bitterly; while Alfred continued: "A letter left for me by the Count, acquainted me of the too certain success of this vile plan: my rage and distraction knew no bounds; I fought with Naish, and obtained this acknowledgment, but was unsuccessful in my endeavours to discover the retreat of my Claudine, till your letter gave me intelligence of your ap-

proaching nuptials. Oh, Sir, judge my distraction; I flew hither to upbraid Claudine for her infidelity. I find her the wife of my uncle: my doom is fixed—may she be ever happy!" Tears of mingled emotion stole down the cheeks of Nesbit; he pressed his lips to the cold cheek of Claudine: "Sweet girl," said he tenderly, "what hast thou suffered! Shall I distress thee further? Not by all my hopes of happiness. Alfred, she is not yet my wife: nay, be not doubtful, she shall be yours; I give her to you with my blessing, and the fortune already settled on her. Claudine, dearest Claudine, look up; say but that I have made you happy, and Nesbit cannot be discontented. Alfred embraced his Claudine with delight, and they wept their gratitude at the feet of the good old man, who forcibly felt, that the greatest happiness we can experience, is that which arises from a consciousness of having conferred felicity on those who are worthy objects of our regard. By the order of Mr. Nesbit, the marriage ceremony was immediately performed; and Alfred Hamilton had never cause to regret the day when he obtained the hand of the fair emigrant: benevolence, constancy, and generosity, crowned the union of the happy lovers, and laid the foundation of their future bliss.

ON ATTENTION.

IT is the power of Attention which in a great measure distinguishes the wise and the great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather to dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In their unconnected rovings, they pursue no end, they follow no track; every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds, like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters.

B.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. V.

[Continued from page 312.]

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand,
Nor was Perfection made for man below:
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
BEATTIE.

OSBORNE had not remained many minutes alone, when the door of her apartment was abruptly thrown open, and a gentleman entered. He was wrapped in a cloak, which entirely concealed his figure; and a large hat was flapped over his face: he hastily locked the door of the apartment, and taking a pair of pistols from his pocket, laid them on the table. Alarmed by this solemnity of preparation, Osborne was for a time unable to speak, till the stranger advanced towards her, and said, in a low voice, "Forgive this determined behaviour, Miss Fitzroy, to which your caprice has urged me. You perceive I am no longer to be trifled with. Hear what I have to say; and if you would restrain me from violence, offer no interruption." He then threw off his hat and cloak, and discovered to the astonished Osborne, the person of Sir Lionel Stakewell! Relieved from her apprehension of robbery and murder, Osborne burst into a loud laugh, which for a moment disconcerted the Baronet. At length he continued, "In me, charming Osborne, you behold one, who, from the first hour of your admission into Clifford Castle, has unceasingly admired you; but your cruelty and pride wounded my feelings in a manner I can scarcely describe. I was not at a loss to penetrate the cause of your apathy towards me, and was sorry to think you capable of such underhand conduct." Surprise, contempt, and resentment, chained the tongue of Osborne, while he proceeded, "I heard,

with much concern, that the eyes of the Duke were opened, and that you were to be dismissed before the return of the young men." "Sir," cried Osborne, indignantly, "you assert a calumny; my own choice occasioned my departure from the castle: you have really taken vast pains to pursue, terrify, and insult me; and I am at a loss to divine the cause of such an unwarrantable liberty." "Dearest girl," cried he, seizing her hand, which she withdrew forcibly, "think not, I conjure you, that I mean to terrify or insult you. I have, indeed, pursued you hither; and I knew that if I did not use the utmost circumspection, you would cautiously avoid me: but I hope you will form a just estimation of the services I would render you, in desiring to save you from the sneers and reproaches of your town friends, by offering you the protection my person and fortune can afford. I know you are a resolute girl, and could ill support such mortification!" Osborne rose with a glance of contempt. "Resolute I am, Sir Lionel; and can far better support the idle whisperings of ignorance, than this premeditated insolence. I must add, that as I am equally weary of my journey and present company, I shall take the freedom of begging you to withdraw." "Let me tell you, Madam," returned the Baronet angrily, "these airs do not suit your present condition. You are not now the *favourite* of a Duke, whose exalted rank can enable him to set *opinions* at defiance; for the libertinism of Drelingforth is well known to the world; but you are the disgraced mistress of an infatuated youth, who is blind to your other indiscretions; and you should rather be grateful to one who, even under such circumstances, condescends to notice you."—"Really, Sir Lionel," replied Osborne calmly, "your accusations are so absurdly arranged, that they excite in me nothing but astonishment that a man of your talents should not have fabricated a better story wherewith to work upon my passions: as it is, I am unspeakably

unspeakably indebted to you for the kind concern you take in my behalf; and can only assure you, that, were I even the degraded being you wish to suppose me, I should place little dependence on the favor or protection of such a being as yourself: as I am not, I look down upon you as one of the most despicable creatures in existence. Know, also, that I neither esteem nor fear you." "You may have more cause for the latter than you imagine," retorted Stakewell: "bold as you are, you can scarcely defy me here: no one in this house will dare to dispute my commands: I am landlord of the estate, and all here are my people." "That we shall see," cried Osborne, springing to another door, which he had not perceived, and forcing it open, attempted to escape along the gallery. Sir Lionel eagerly pursued her, and caught her habit. Turning with fury, Osborne seized him by the collar, and with admirable dexterity threw him down the whole flight of stairs; then leaped over him, and ran rapidly along the passage. Her course was impeded by a gentleman passing, who caught her arm, and, in an accent of joy and surprise, exclaimed, "Miss Fitzroy! is it possible! what means this confusion?" The voice of the Baronet, uttering execrations, and the number of people running to assist him, gave no time for explanation. "Save, protect me," cried Osborne. "I have been insulted, menaced and detained by a villain. Take me from hence, and I will tell you all." Monmouth could not help smiling: "You have inflicted rather severe chastisement on him, Osborne: but, come, I will escort you to my inn; it is more reputable than this. An unlucky, or, I may say, a lucky accident has detained us on the road. The overturning of the chaise we were in, has hurt the Marquis severely, and, fearful of alarming his mother, we rested here incog. He is much better; and we shall return to-morrow to our dear friends at the Castle. But has this fellow dared to take you forcibly from the

the protection of the Duchess? If so, by Heaven I will punish him." They by this time reached the inn, where Osborne requested he would not mention her to the Marquis, and then entered into a recapitulation of past events. The altered looks of Monmouth, and his tender solicitude, gave Osborne the conviction that she was not indifferent to him. It was a discovery which gave her more pain than pleasure. His momentary starts of gaiety were evidently forced. He spoke of Lady Alexina as of one whom he sincerely, even tenderly esteemed; yet acknowledged that he felt repugnant to the union; while Osborne extolled her with the most animated warmth of friendship. As they conversed, he drank frequent glasses of wine, till at last his spirits became completely exhilarated, and, thrown off his guard, he said, "Miss Fitzroy, you are the most charming, most inconsistent of your sex; and even while praising, with enthusiastic energy, the virtues and beauties of another, make your own so conspicuous, that nothing can catch the mind but the object *before* us." "You have learnt the art of flattery on the continent, I find," returned Osborne, smiling; "but it is *misapplied* when addressed *to me*, I assure you, Mr. Grafton. However inconsistent I may seem, an hour will, I trust, arrive, when all my inconsistencies can be satisfactorily explained: till then, let each remember their separate duties." "But mine are too painful for recollection," returned Monmouth. "Why so? is it painful to love Alexina?" "Most severely so, if the heart is devoted to another." Osborne sighed. "Am I to conclude that your's has played truant, Monmouth?" "No, Osborne, it has never wandered; for it was yours from the moment in which I first beheld you. Even the volatile Marquis acknowledged the irresistible power of your attractions, while honor—friendship—bound me in silence." "And should have bound you still," said Osborne, rising, and pacing the room with agitation.

"Merciful

"Merciful Heaven! what a fate is mine!" "Am I so detestable in your eyes?" asked Monmouth, dejectedly. "Oh, no, far from it: my truest friendship is yours!" "And can your frigid heart own no warmer claim? Osborne, say but you love me, and I shall be happy." He clasped her in his arms as he spoke, filled with the tenderest emotion. "Forbear," cried she, disengaging herself in terror. "You will one day blush for this. Forfeit not my good opinion for ever, in a moment of inconsiderate passion." Monmouth retreated. "By Heaven, your eye has the power to awe me, Osborne. I deserve your rebuke; but judge not meanly of me, if I for an instant forgot what was due to myself and to you: forgive me, if I dared to encourage hopes, founded on the injury your character has lately sustained." Osborne looked earnestly at him. "Sir," said she, firmly, "I know that when the fair fame of woman is once blemished, she is exposed to the licentious sneers of every libertine and coxcomb: from you, indeed, I formed far other expectations. For the censure of those who have not candour enough in their own breasts to allow for the deceptive appearances which so frequently occur in life, I care little; nor can I suffer so materially from their groundless calumny, as many who have not *equal ability* to refute such assertions, yet labor under a stigma, which in time propels them to the commission of errors of which they before only bore the false accusation. A liberal mind is cautious of being premature in its condemnation. From the domestic inconvenience which some suffer on my account, I hope I shall soon have the power to release them." "Dearest girl," said Monmouth, kissing her hand respectfully, "I am convinced: accept all the atonement I can offer. Be mine, and every engagement shall be cancelled." "I wish to make no such extortions, Mr. Grafton. I can never be yours: I am the sworn friend of Lady Alexina: her interests are dearer to me than my own. The secret you have

this

this night divulged shall be buried in my bosom. Go, Grafton; endeavour to make a worthy, lovely woman happy; and may you be ever so." "Impossible," returned he, with a sigh. "My peace is destroyed: but your inflexible notions of honour shall not be disregarded. Farewell: to-morrow we separate, perhaps for ever." Again he pressed her hand to his lips, and they parted.

Osborne passed a sleepless night; her spirits were too much disturbed to permit of her taking any rest; and as her interview with Monmouth in the morning was very short, nothing further transpired on the subject of the last evening's conversation. When Osborne arrived in Oxford-street, she was kindly received by her guardian. He had frequently waited on the Duke, to arrange pecuniary matters; and was a plain-spoken, well-meaning man. He introduced her to his wife, who gave her a welcome far exceeding her expectations. Her eyes frequently filled with tears as she gazed on her; and she sometimes expressed the liveliest regret, that the sphere in which Osborne had hitherto moved, had prevented her soliciting her friendship. Osborne once made some slight inquiries respecting her mother; but Mrs. Moreland always cautiously evaded them, and at times affected the utmost ignorance; but Osborne readily perceived that this was but a preconcerted scheme to baffle her inquiries. One day Mr. Moreland entered her apartment much agitated. "Prepare yourself, my dear," said he, "for a strange visitor. Have you not some particular papers of your mother's which have never yet been inspected?" "I have, Sir." "Well then, they must shortly be examined." "By whom, Mr. Moreland?" "By an elderly gentleman, who called here this morning before you came home. He made particular inquiries after your family, some of which my wife answered to his satisfaction; but, when she mentioned you, his joy was remarkable." "Merciful Powers!" ejaculated Osborne, "can it be my father!"

ther!" "No, no," said Moreland, shaking his head with a look of hidden meaning, "I have reason to be certain it is not your father." "Ah, too sure he is dead then!" returned Osborne. "This is but the curiosity of a stranger; I have no relative left to take an interest in my fate: how mysterious is my destiny!" "But you have friends, dear Miss Fitzroy, who will do all in their power to serve you. My means are humble, but my heart is willing; and my poor Paulina loves you as if you were her own. But this stranger seems to possess authority; for he said he must, and would, inspect whatever papers were in your possession. The illness of a dear friend claimed his immediate attention; but he should return, he said, in the evening; and, after a conference with you, arrange matters for a journey into the north." "However great his authority may be," said Osborne, "I will not acknowledge it at the expence of my integrity; for I have sworn not to penetrate the secret of a respected parent till a period which is still at the distance of a few weeks. However, I will see this stranger." About six o'clock the expected visitor arrived. He was a venerable looking man, plainly dressed, and whose countenance bore the traces of deep sorrow. He gazed on Osborne with scrutinizing attention, and appeared to undergo much emotion. "Your name, I understand, is Fitzroy. May I request to know if your mother had any other child?" "I never saw another; but I think I have heard of one who died young." "Was it a male or female infant?" "*A girl!*" The stranger clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, "Oh, God, it must be so: Mrs. Fitzroy was not your mother!" "Not my mother! Impossible! Oh, she was the best of parents to me." "Either my senses deceive me, or you are not what you would be thought. Your mother (if my conjectures are right) was Donna Lauretta Guzman; and now, Osborne, dare not to deceive me; for, without any other testimony, your features convince me that you are her

son!"

son!" Osborne uttered an exclamation of anguish; and, sinking at the feet of the stranger, cried, "You have penetrated the secret I swore not yet to divulge. Oh, release me from this dreadful suspense, and reveal to me the cause of this cruelly enforced concealment." "Alas! boy," said the stranger, "I am yet ignorant: we are still bound by honour to remain unsatisfied; but I have yet many questions to ask. You have been an inmate of Clifford Castle, I understand?" Osborne bowed. Did you there see a person named Del Marino?" "I did," said Osborne, shuddering: "surely he is not my father!" "Heaven forbid, child, that your father should be such a villain. But I must repair to Clifford Castle: will you accompany me?" "I cannot: an event is about to take place, which I dare not to witness." "What event do you allude to?" "The union of Lady Alexina Clifford with young Grafton." The stranger started. "Indeed! is that in contemplation? I must know more of this. But do you love the lady?" "I adore her." "She knows it, I suppose?" "Impossible; I could never divulge—" "'Tis well," interrupted the old man. "However, you must now assume a more suitable dress. I wonder how you have borne that so long. However, custom can reconcile us to any inconsistency. I will dispense with your attendance till I summon you: by that time, I hope, your restriction will be removed; and we will peruse the papers together. Meanwhile, I will return to my sick friend; and you may prepare any letters you wish to send." With a confusion of wild hopes and fears, Osborne flew to comply with this welcome order; and, in the eagerness of the moment, addressed Alexina with such tenderness, as his cooler judgment would have condemned. He also addressed Monmouth; intreated his friendship in place of love, and threw himself upon his generosity, trusting he would delay his marriage till his own pretensions to the hand of Lady Alexina could be justified.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS

Upon the present State of the Country, exciting every Individual to unite in its Defence.

BY A LADY.

AT a period when every Englishman is called upon to defend his country, and preserve that independence which his ancestors have enjoyed, it becomes necessary that each individual should endeavour to call forth the energetic powers of his mind. No profession has been so completely misapprehended as that of the army; as it is not merely a knowledge of military tactics that can render a man fit to *command;* for the being who is intrusted with complete power over *others*, ought surely to be able to govern *himself*. Bravery, or rather courage, is the first requisite in a soldier: the former is *innate;* the latter may be *acquired*. The one, says a celebrated author, is a species of instinct, whilst the other is a virtue which arises from nobleness of mind. Bravery is always thoughtlessly impetuous, whilst courage is not inaccessible to fear: but the impression is subdued, and conquered, by a determined resolution to overcome.

It is the union of bravery and courage, which constitutes *true valour;* and this is inspired by a love for our country, an attachment to our King, and by that high sense of honour and duty, which every military man ought to feel. That fear cannot be conquered, is an erroneous idea, and one which daily experience will easily confute; for the most intrepid soldier (if he chuses to be candid) will acknowledge, that he felt the sensation when *first* called into the field. *Courage* to a *man*, is what *virtue* is to a *female;* the grand fabric upon which their future importance in life is to be built; and the slightest tarnish cast upon either, it is not even in the power of time to efface.

It is uncertain how soon each individual may be called upon to display that magnanimity and heroism which the mere reflection of the duty they owe their country is calculated to inspire, and which must be increased by the insulting treatment we have met with from the rapacious Tyrant whom we are destined to oppose. Every humane mind must consider war as an evil; but the one in which we are unfortunately engaged, has been wholly unprovoked; our rights, as an independent country, have been disputed; our liberty has been threatened by a Usurper, who has defied all religious and moral laws; yet, whilst indignation is excited by the atrocities which have been committed by the man who threatens destruction to our liberties, our fortunes, and our lives, we must not suffer the desire of *revenge* to destroy the principles of *humanity*, or allow cruelty to eradicate that amiable sentiment from our minds.

There have been instances of officers, neither deficient in skill or bravery, who have tarnished the lustre of their victories, by allowing their soldiers to commit outrages at which humanity must blush; and who, anxious to insure their own independence, have even plundered those unhappy beings whom they were bound to protect. The depravity of this conduct strikes with peculiar force upon the imagination, when we read of those illustrious heroes who displayed true magnanimity of mind, and who, after having obtained the most decisive conquest over their enemies, by the practice of humanity, added brilliancy to their exploits. The miseries of war would be far less extensive, if the different commanders strictly forbade the commission of those depredations which degrade the victor's arms, and severely punished every offender who presumed to infringe upon the rules which humanity prescribes.

Peter the Great, having taken the city of Narva, which was defended by General Horn, who commanded the Swedish troops, ordered his soldiery, on pain

pain of the severest punishment, not to molest a single individual in his house. The sanguinary soldiers, eager after plunder, paid little attention to the Sovereign's express commands, but, with fire and sword, attacked the unfortunate inhabitants, for the purpose of taking possession of their wealth. Peter, who had retired to his tent exhausted by exertion, at length was apprized of the disobedience of his men, and rushing into the midst of the horrid massacre, actually killed fifty of his soldiers with his own hand, and by this act preserved the lives of thousands of unresisting fellow-creatures, who, but for his interposition, must have been slain. Many of the principal inhabitants of the city had fled to one of the churches for safety, leaving their property to be plundered by the sanguinary bands. The King hearing this, rushed in amongst them, almost fainting with exertion, and exhausted by rage. As soon as he entered the sacred sanctuary, he threw down the stained weapon, which yet seemed to reek: "Be not (said he) alarmed for your safety; for it is not with the blood of your fellow-citizens that my sword is thus stained, but with that of my own soldiers, whom I have been *compelled* to sacrifice, to preserve the lives of your relations and friends."

In the battle of Pharsalia, the immortal Cæsar rode up and down the ranks, exclaiming, "Let the citizens be spared!" and this one act redounded more to his honour, than all the victories which his arm obtained. The continence of Scipio, and the noble conduct of Darius, are circumstances too well known to require recording here; but there are others no less worthy of being mentioned, of which the generality of readers may not be so well informed. In the year 1503, Gonsalvo, surnamed the *Great Captain*, took the city of Naples by storm, but gave his soldiers positive orders not to plunder those whom accident had put into their power. The men, disappointed in their expectations, murmured at the humane conduct of

their Chief, when Gonsalvo hearing this, told them, he would compensate them for their disappointment; and immediately desired them to go and take possession of every thing in his house.

The Turks having invaded the Ukrain on the Russian side of the empire, Catharine sent two numerous armies to repel them. The one was commanded by Count Lasci, an Irish gentleman of great courage and experience; and the other by Count Munich, an officer equally brave. In Count Munich's army was the late Marshal Keith, Governor of Berlin, who held a commission, and was a great favourite of the Czarina, and by the bravery of whose conduct, the Turkish troops are said to have been, in a great measure, subdued. The soldiers whom he commanded, eager after slaughter, were desirous of putting both *youth* and *age* to the sword; and had it not been for the interposing humanity of the Governor of Berlin, not one of either sex would have been spared. *Thousands* owed their existence to M. Keith's exertions. One remarkable instance of his humanity deserves to be more particularly recorded. A girl of six years of age was rudely grasped by one of the Cossacks, and the uplifted scymetar was already unsheathed, when M. Keith providentially appeared before him, and arrested the blow which cruelty was about to strike. The rescued victim proved the daughter of a Turkish grandee, who, in the field of battle, had been slain; and who then, was not only left an orphan, but, by the chances of war, was deprived of all support! The humane Keith instantly adopted her: the helpless innocent never felt the loss she had sustained: he educated her with the same care as if she had been his daughter, and instructed her in all the principles of the Christian religion; and from the filial attachment of this amiable young creature, he received that gratifying recompence which his humanity deserved.

How

How different has been the conduct of the man whom we are hourly expecting to encounter! How many of his fellow-creatures has he sacrificed in cool blood! What scenes of treachery has he performed! What outrages upon humanity has he committed! What devastations has he brought upon those countries who were not able to withstand his arms! Volumes might be filled with the bare recital of those enormities, which cruelty instigated; and in which conquest had no share, but where the wanton barbarity of his nature actually satiated itself with scenes of blood! How many thousands of his choicest troops has he sacrificed to vanity and ambition! How many widows mourn their husbands, how many mothers lament their sons, who have not nobly fallen in the defence of their country, but who have shamefully been murdered without rendering it any good! Did he not force the bridge of Lodi, which was guarded by the Austrian cannon, at the expence of *six thousand* of his best troops, when, by conveying them a few miles farther, he might have *forded the river* with an inconsiderable loss?

What then is an *enemy* to expect from a man so lost to every sentiment of humanity, but cruelties such as the ear hath not heard of, nor the eye seen! And let the fate of other countries tell us to what miseries we shall be destined, if the Almighty should permit the sanguinary Tyrant to prevail. The Egyptian shores, those everlasting momentos of Bonaparte's cruelty, loudly proclaim the sorrows we are to endure, unless by an unanimous exertion, we repel the insulting Tyrant's force! "We advanced (observes the writer of one of the intercepted letters) with an army of twenty-five thousand men against Alexandria, a place without any defence, and garrisoned by five hundred Janizaries. The charge is sounded; our soldiers fly to the ramparts, which they scale in spite of the obstinate defence of the besieged. Many of our generals were wounded: but *numbers* at length

subdued the obstinacy of the Turks. Repulsed on every side, they besought the protection of God and their Prophet; and acknowledging themselves conquered, flew for safety to their mosques, where the young and the old, the timid and the courageous, were all massacred in cool blood."

In pointing out the miseries which must await us, if success should crown the Invader's arms, I neither mean to excite apprehension, or call forth sensations of fear: for the ardour which glows in the breast of every Englishman, will lead him boldly to defend his country's cause: and whilst courage and unanimity go hand in hand together, we may intrepidly defy the Tyrant's threats.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

FROM THE OLD BACHELOR.

Mr. EDITOR,

IF the real motives of our actions could always be discovered, how different would they appear in the eyes of the world! The illiberality of human nature frequently misconstrues the best intentions, whilst that conduct which deserves *censure,* receives the tribute of applause.

The motive which first induced me to publish my opinions, was such a one as every honest mind must approve; for I flattered myself, that, through the channel of the *Museum,* I might correct the prevailing follies I met with in the world. If my intention did not succeed, I still enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing, I had made an effort to be useful to mankind; but I confess at the present moment, I am actuated by a less amiable principle, for I actually address you under the influence of *spleen.*

That I am an unceremonious old fellow you must know, Mr. Editor, from the manner in which I introduced

introduced myself to you; yet there are certain rules to be observed in society, to which every individual ought to adhere. The son of a collegiate friend, (and a young man whom I am sincerely attached to,) about three months ago, thought proper to take unto himself a wife. I was absent from London when this event happened, and did not return until a late hour last night. I this morning resolved to pay my respects to him, for the purpose of congratulating him upon the circumstance which had occurred. I found him breakfasting *téte-a-téte* with a sprightly young female, whom of course I accosted by the appellation of Mrs. C—— "Miss Caroline H——," (said the supposed husband,) my wife's most intimate companion and friend: she has been kind enough to make breakfast for me this morning, for my poor Emily is not able to rise."

"You seem to think it necessary to make an apology for your friend finding us together, (replied his companion, in an animated tone of voice:) it proves your ignorance of the *beau-monde*, or you would know it was quite shocking for a gentleman to be discovered *téte-a téte* with his wife." "*Charming!* (I exclaimed;) how *I admire your sentiments!*" This I said in an ironical tone, which the lady did not pay the slightest attention to; though Henry appeared to penetrate into my thoughts. "Have you breakfasted? (enquired this accomplished fair one, taking up a Museum whilst she addressed me, and exclaiming,) "Well, I hope we have no *morality* this month! I am delighted to think the Editor has got rid of that fusty *Old Bachelor*, for I declare he made me absolutely sick of his stuff. Do you not think these dresses are monstrously well executed?" continued she, showing the figures to my young friend. "How (I enquired) do you reconcile that *appellation?* for *monstrous* surely implies a deformity of shape."

Oh,

"Oh, you ignorant Quiz! (she exclaimed, tapping me upon the shoulder;) why, surely you are just arrived from the Antipodes! Henry, I think I must take him under *my patronage*. Do you think it would be possible for me to make him *one* of *us*?"

Henry's embarrassment increased in proportion to her volatility, and he endeavoured to direct her attention towards the fashions which the Museum represents; but she was not to be diverted from her purpose by any observations he could make. "Will you place yourself under my tutelage?" enquired she, with as much familiarity as if I had been a boy younger than herself. "I must first (said I) know how far you are able to instruct me; and why you are anxious to have me *improved*."

"From pure *philanthropic motives*, my dear Sir, (replied the sprightly Caroline:) yet I could go farther, and tell you I am interested in the welfare of all Henry's friends: and do you not think I have been highly serviceable to *him*? Has he not lost that bashfulness which obscured his various accomplishments; that *mauvais honte* which obstructed his entrance into high life?"

Anxious to dive a little farther into Caroline's sentiments, yet convinced she was a very improper companion for a young man's wife, "Pray (said I) what is it that you object to in my manners? and how is the polish of *good breeding* to be acquired?" "By mixing with *people of ton*, (replied my fair instructress,) in whose behaviour there is a certain *ease* and *elegance* not to be defined: in short, a *je-ne-scai-quoi*, which it would be impossible for me to illustrate, and which is only to be met with in persons of *high life*."

"And if this *tinsel covering* is absolutely necessary, (I continued, turning towards Henry,) is not your *wife* the proper person by whom you should be adorned? If I was in Mrs. C———'s place, I certainly should not suffer you to become the pupil of

my

my friend." "Monstrous again, (rejoined Caroline, bursting into a loud laugh;) why, you antediluvian wretch, in the whole catalogue of fashionable instructions to married women, there never was such a thing ever heard of, as a husband receiving instructions from his wife! Besides, Emily is a mere *maitresse femme*, and perfectly incapable of taking him under her care."

At this moment the door opened, and one of the most interesting young females I had ever beheld entered the room. Henry immediately rose, and conducted her towards me, introducing me by the appellation of the friend of his youth. Caroline immediately informed her of the *subject* of our *conversation*, and enquired whether she did not think her husband's manners much improved. "I never thought them *defective*, (replied the blushing Emily,) and confess I should be grieved to see them undergo the slightest change."

"Oh, the vulgar *prejudices of education!* (said Caroline:) you must know that my poor Emily was brought up under the care of two maiden aunts; and had I not lived within half a mile of their residence, the dear girl would have been a mere vegetative plant. I used to play the hypocrite a little before the two tabbies, and at length they consented to her accompanying me to town: but a shameful return she made me for all my friendship; for she actually stole the heart I had fancied was my own; yet, to convince you of the generosity of my disposition, I love her as *tenderly* as I did before she became a wife." So saying, she embraced Emily, and gave her husband a familiar tap upon the cheek.

There was a pensiveness in the countenance of the young bride, which convinced me she was not happy; yet the man whom she had chosen for a husband, I had known from a boy, and his disposition appeared to be calculated to make any woman completely blest. Through Caroline's connexions, I easily discovered,

covered, that he had been introduced into the higher circles of life: his *own* were confined to persons of the highest respectability, but chiefly amongst the mercantile line. Desirous of discovering whether the mind of Emily corresponded with the intelligent turn of her face, I carelessly, Mr. Editor, took up your Museum, and enquired her opinion of the work.

"It is rather unequally executed, (she replied;) but it has frequently afforded me *entertainment*. I might, perhaps, with more justice, substitute another term; for whilst the proprietors appear anxious to amuse their readers, they strongly inculcate the moral duties of life."

"If I recollect right, (rejoined Caroline,) you were even pleased with the sentiments of the *Old Bachelor*; though they actually were a disgrace to the work. For my part, I think it an *insipid* publication; for it does not give the slightest intimation of what is going forward in high life. No *crim. con. intelligence*—not a line from the *Scandalous Chronicle*—no private anecdotes—not a word of public news: but each number contains a bundle of *morality*, actually enough to *stock the whole town*."

"I wish (said I) the Old Bachelor could know your opinion of *him*; for I am inclined to believe he would give you a *lash* in the next month." "A wretch! (exclaimed she,) I should like to brave him to it; for I really *long to see myself in print*." Whilst Caroline was making this declaration, I accidentally happened to open the Museum of January, at the twelfth page, and casting my eyes carelessly upon it, I was forcibly struck with Mrs. Wentworth's remarks. Before I could reply to Caroline's observations respecting the Old Bachelor, the servant informed her, a milliner was waiting in another room. This was a business of too much importance to be neglected; a cabinet council was assembled, and both Henry and his wife summoned to attend. During their absence,

I perused

I perused the paper. In a few minutes my young friend returned; I immediately put it into his hands; desired him to *read it*, and breakfast with *me* on the following morning.

I had not been at home half an hour, when my servant announced his name. Agitation was visible in his countenance, and his manners appeared confused. "I am impatient (said he) to unbosom myself to you; for, in truth, I am miserable. There is a similitude between *Wentworth's situation* and my *own;* yet do not suppose that I am blind to my Emily's attractions; but who can subdue the wayward wanderings of the heart?"

"When we once suffer ourselves to become the slaves of passion, it may be difficult, (I replied:) but, depend upon it, the heart may be easily brought under the dominion of the head; or, in other words, we may easily conquer an impression, which *religion*, *reason*, and *rectitude*, condemns. I consider Caroline H— as a dangerous Syren, from whose alluring voice you ought to fly, if you wish to escape." "But what can I do? (he enquired with the utmost eagerness:) she is to stay with us a month longer, by the invitation of my wife. I tremble at the dangers with which I am surrounded, and I will implicitly follow your advice."

Much conversation passed upon this interesting subject; and, by imperceptibly drawing Henry forward, I discovered that the conduct of this fashionable young woman had been shameful in the extreme; for he confessed that, whenever they had been *tête-à-tête* together, she always endeavoured to depreciate Emily in his eyes. I was aware that it was necessary to act with precaution, and not excite suspicions in the bosom of Henry's amiable wife. I resolved, therefore, to write to the worthy women who had educated her, and advise them immediately to come up to town; as I was convinced that, upon their arrival, the volatile Caroline would immediately

take her leave; after which, I informed my young friend, he would find no difficulty in breaking through an acquaintance which might occasion so much domestic distress; and I instantly wrote the following letter to the unsuspicious Emily's aunt.

"Madam,

"I flatter myself with the hope, that the interest I feel in the happiness of two amiable young people, will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take in advising you to come immediately to London, if you value your niece's future peace.

"I have always been an enemy to the introduction of a female companion into the family of those who have just entered the marriage state; and I have seen enough to convince me, that Mrs. C—'s intimate associate is not a friend in whose prudence, or propriety, she can confide; and I really tremble at the idea of her remaining any longer an inmate of the house. As I am inclined, Madam, to believe that your unexpected arrival in London will induce the Lady, whose conduct I cannot avoid condemning, to take her leave, I trust you will immediately set out for the Metropolis, without giving your niece the slightest hint of the information you have received.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"T. B."

Though Henry appeared entirely to approve of this letter, yet he seemed to dread encountering the sprightly Caroline again. I therefore advised him to inform his Emily, that business of importance compelled him to quit town for a few days; convinced, in my own mind, that the formidable Caroline would not remain his guest after the old lady arrived. Her desire of seeing herself in print, I flatter myself, Mr. Editor, you will gratify; though, out of delicacy to my young friend, I have concealed

cealed her name; yet I fear her dislike to the Old Bachelor will not be diminished by the remarks he has ventured to make.

I have ever been of opinion, that half the domestic wrangles I have witnessed amongst my acquaintance, are to be ascribed to the influence of female friends: not that I perfectly agree with Mrs. Wentworth, in thinking that a young married woman ought to seal up her heart, and break through every tie of friendship which, at an early period of life, she had formed; but I think there is danger in permitting a friend, of *her own age*, to reside in the house.

I prefaced my letter, Mr. Editor, by saying, that the motive which induced me to address you, was not so praise-worthy as the one by which I was actuated when I first made my sentiments known through the channel of your press; and though I acknowledge myself a little piqued by the sentiments of the lively Caroline, I flatter myself her conduct may act as a caution to the youthful part of her sex.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

ON OCCASIONAL RETIREMENT, &c.

[From ZIMMERMAN on Solitude.]

RETIREMENT from the world may prove peculiarly beneficial at two periods of life: In youth, to acquire the rudiments of useful information, to lay the foundation of the character intended to be pursued, and to obtain that train of thought which is to guide us through life. The science of the heart, with which youth should be familiarized as early as possible, is too frequently neglected: It removes the asperities, and polishes the rough surfaces, of the mind. This science is founded on that noble philosophy which regulates the characters of men, and operating more by love than by rigid precept, cor-

rects the cold dictates of reason by the warm feelings of the heart; opens to view the dangers to which they are exposed; animates the dormant faculties of the mind; and prompts them to the practice of all the virtues.

Retirement in age is necessary to cast a retrospective view on the course we have run; to reflect on the events we have observed, the vicissitudes we have experienced; to enjoy the flowers we have gathered on the way, and to congratulate ourselves upon the tempests we have survived.

Solitude, indeed, sometimes renders the mind in a slight degree arrogant and conceited; but these effects are easily removed by a judicious intercourse with mankind. Misanthropy, contempt of folly, and pride of spirit, are, in noble minds, changed by the maturity of age into dignity of character; and that fear of the opinion of the world, which awed the weakness and inexperience of youth, is succeeded by firmness, and a high disdain of those false notions by which it was dismayed: the observations once so dreaded lose all their stings; the mind views objects not as they are, but as they ought to be; and, feeling a contempt for vice, rises into a noble enthusiasm for virtue, gaining from the conflict, a rational experience, and a compassionate feeling, which never decays.

Many men have acquired, and exercised, in solitude, that transcendent greatness of mind which defies events; and, like the majestic cedar, which braves the fury of the most violent tempest, have resisted, with heroic courage, the severest storms of fate. Some few, indeed, have retained in retirement the weaknesses of human nature; but the conduct of greater numbers has clearly evinced, that a man of good sense cannot degenerate even in the most dreary seclusion.

But the first, and most incontestible advantage of solitude is, that it accustoms the mind to think: the imagination becomes more vivid, and the memory more faithful, while the senses remain undisturbed, and no external object agitates the soul. Removed far

far from the tiresome tumults of public society, where a multitude of heterogeneous objects dance before our eyes, and fill the mind with incoherent notions, we learn to fix our attention to a single subject, and to contemplate that alone.

The habit of thinking with steadiness and attention, can only be acquired by avoiding the distraction which a multiplicity of objects always create; by turning our observation from external things; and seeking a situation in which our daily occupations are not perpetually shifting their course, and changing their direction. It is therefore necessary that we should accustom ourselves both to think and act: for idleness and inattention soon destroy all the advantages of retirement; as the most dangerous passions, when the mind is not properly employed, rise into fermentation, and produce a variety of eccentric ideas, and irregular desires. It is necessary, also, to elevate our thoughts above the mean consideration of sensual objects: the unincumbered mind then recalls all that it has read; all that has pleased the eye, or delighted the ear; and reflecting on every idea which either observation, experience, or discourse, has produced, gains new information by every reflection, and conveys the purest pleasures to the soul. The intellect contemplates all the former scenes of life; views by anticipation those that are yet to come; and blends all ideas of past and future, in the actual enjoyment of the present moment.

CORN-CUTTER.

DURING the late war, an old sailor on board the *Mars*, was observed to be constantly in a state of intoxication, and incapable of doing his duty. With a view to reclaim him, the ship's discipline was enforced: he was flogged repeatedly, and suffered with the fortitude of an hero; always making

it his principal concern, as soon as he had been punished, to procure a fresh supply of grog, and drink until he brought himself again into the situation which had previously been the occasion of his chastisement. The perseverance and singular attachment to drunkenness, so remarkable in the man's conduct, induced the Captain of the ship to make inquiry by what means he obtained the liquor. Accordingly, the next time he was found in an intoxicated state, the Captain thus interrogated him: "How do you procure the liquor to get drunk, sirrah?" To which the tar, half-asleep, opened one eye, and answered, "By *op-operation*, your Honour." "By operation! What do you mean? You make game of me, you rascal, do you?" "No, your Honour; I am an operator; I cut corns for most of the crew under your command." "Is that what you call operation? Pray what do you receive from those upon whom you exercise your dexterity?" "Only a quart of grog, an' please ye, which is too little." "*Only* a quart, you say; and how many operations do you perform each day; that is, during the short time you are sober?" "Why, God bless your Honour, when it's likely to blow off, and thick heavy weather is coming on, my customers run to me in shoals, and I knock off ten a day; but in pleasant weather, I never have more than seven upon an average." "So, then, you generally drink seven quarts of grog a-day, do you, got by operation?" The sailor, to the admiration of all who heard him, said he did, and that better than one third of it was spirits. The Captain, unable to refrain from smiling, expressed his astonishment at so wonderful a drunkard. He, however, forgave him at that time, after warning him to perform no more operations upon the terms before stated; threatening, if he did, not only to make those undergo a more severe operation than the cutting of their corns who gave the operator any more grog, but to dismiss the latter out of the ship as a disgrace to the British navy.

BENEVOLENT RAMBLES:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SENTONIUS.

(Concluded from page 320.)

AS Sentonius uttered this, his expressive eyes sparkled, and seemed to beam a sentimental fire. I gazed upon him with delight; for he appeared something more than mortal The gaoler readily gave him the information he had requested. I asked Sentonius whether he would allow me to accompany him to the lawyer's house; and having obtained his permission, we took leave of the worthy fellow, promising soon to return.

We were informed that this agent of iniquity was just going to dinner, and could not transact any business until the following morning, as a party of gentlemen of the robe were momentarily expected to partake of luxuries which had been purchased at the expence of the poor. Sentonius, without paying any attention to what the servant told him, walked into the office, and informed one of the clerks, that if Mr. Grampus did not wait upon him *immediately*, he should, without any ceremony, go up stairs. "And the business, (said he,) Sir, I have to transact with your master, will not make him appear in a very *favourable* light to his guests." There was something in the tone of his voice, as he made this declaration, which drew upon him the observation of all the clerks; and the young man whom he had accosted, instantly rose from his writing desk, and requested us to follow him into another room.

We did not wait many minutes before the despicable Grampus entered with an air of embarrassment in his countenance, which convinced us he was prepared to receive an unpleasant piece of news. "I am an unceremonious fellow, Mr. Grampus, (said

Sentonius, with a countenance marked by severity and in a voice expressive of contempt,) or I migh apologize for having withdrawn you from the society of your respectable guests. I am a man, Sir, who respect the unfortunate, and will defend the *injured*, even at the expence of half my estate; and I think it my duty to expose *iniquity*, whether I meet with it in the *poor*, the *middling*, or the *great*." To this exordium Grampus only answered by a simpering smile, and an obsequious bow; and Sentonius finding himself uninterrupted, proceeded in the following words. "For the vices of *youth*, I can make every allowance, if they do not arise from depravity of heart; but there is a certain boundary to be set to every man's passions, which it becomes iniquitous if he presumes to overstep."

"Very just, Sir—*very true*," said the agitated Grampus, colouring and becoming pale by turns. "But (continued Sentonius) no palliation can be offered for a man proving a *villain* at *your* or *my years*. *Unsuspecting innocence*, Sir, has a right to claim *us* as her *guardians:* we ought to succour beauty, and defend distress: we should raise the mound which protecteth virtue, instead of endeavouring to level it with the dust." "I, Sir, (replied the insidious Grampus,) am ready to stand forth as a *champion* in *virtue's cause;*" recovering in some degree from his embarrassment, and fancying my friend wished to consult him upon some point of law. "'Tis false! (rejoined Sentonius, in an indignant accent,) false as the treacherous deceiver of mankind. You are a pandar to the brutal appetite of licentiousness; you are the agent of iniquity, by whom the virtuous are oppressed."

Language can never paint the transition of countenance which that of the astonished Grampus's underwent. Some moments elapsed before he was able to articulate; but at length he *humbly requested* that the charges against him might be explained.

That villains generally are cowards, is a remark which has been frequently made, yet I never before saw it so strikingly proved; for, instead of resenting the harsh epithets which Sentonius had made use of, he only requested him to speak in a *lower* tone of voice. In a very few words, my friend informed him, that he was acquainted with every transaction which had occurred between his client and the unfortunate Mrs. D———; and concluded by observing, that he was resolved to see her at liberty before he slept. "I will instantly (said he) repay the sum she borrowed; I will discharge the bill for the furnishing the house; but I will publish the account of *his* and *your* iniquity. Yes, Sir, I will loudly proclaim it to the world."

The terrified Grampus actually dropped on his knees before Sentonius; told him that inevitable ruin must be the consequence of persevering in that design; and what seemed to touch the sympathetic feelings of the man he was imploring, was, that it would be the means of entailing disgrace upon his children, and bringing misery upon his wife. He represented his client as being on the eve of marriage with the daughter of a Baronet who resided within a short distance of Sentonius's estate: but this union the defender of innocence declared his resolution of putting a stop to; though, from motives of humanity, he might be induced to conceal the circumstance from the world.

Whilst Mr. Grampus was pleading his cause at the feet of Sentonius, a phaeton and four stopped at the door, from which alighted one of the finest figures I had ever beheld. The suppliant instantly rose from his humiliating posture, and seemed anxious to compose the agitated state of his mind; when, without waiting to have his name announced to us, the object of my admiration burst into the room. "I have to beg pardon, gentlemen, for this intrusion, (said he, bowing gracefully as he made the apology;) but,

but, *Grampus*, are the marriage settlements complete? for the brother of Eliza is just arrived from India, and seems desirous of frustrating my designs; and, by G—, if I do not push forward with ardour, I shall be disappointed in my expections of a wife. Are the *writings finished?* I again ask, continued he, clapping Grampus on the shoulder. Why, man, you seem petrified! Why don't you speak? I will not let sixty thousand pounds slip through my fingers merely through your inattention, and neglect. So, if you have not followed my instructions, by all that's sacred, I'll take the business out of your hands."

Handsome as he had struck me to be upon his first entrance, I perceived, by his conversation, that he was flushed with wine, which accounted for his speaking so openly before strangers, upon a business that required a private ear. It instantly struck Sentonius, that the young man before him was the identical being whose conduct to the lovely Emily had been so disgraceful and base; and, anxious to know whether he was right in his conjecture, he unceremoniously enquired his name. The reply having proved such as my friend had expected, he informed Grampus, it was unnecessary to give himself any further trouble about the marriage deeds; "for depend upon it, young man, (said he, turning to the astonished stranger,) the daughter of Sir Frederick Hartley will never become *your wife*."

"By what authority, pray Sir, do *you* make this *assertion?*" inquired the unprincipled Mr. C—, in an alarmed tone of voice. "By the authority which a knowledge of your behaviour to the unfortunate widow of your tutor has given me, and by the villainous plans which you formed against the honour of her child."

"*I am ruined! I am betrayed!* (exclaimed he, in impassioned accents, at the same time throwing himself into a chair:) but you shall pay for your treachery,

treachery, (continued he, casting a look of indignation upon Grampus.) Yes, I swear, by all the gods, you shall pay for it with your life."—"A little *less* passion, and a little *more* principle, (said Sentonius,) would better become a man of your age: and if the agent of your base designs had acted as *honourable* as he has been *secret*, you both might have made a very different figure in life." He then informed Mr. C—, that he was acquainted with every circumstance that had happened; reprehended his conduct in the severest terms; and, after having expatiated upon it in the fullest manner, said, he had called upon Grampus for the purpose of discharging the debt. Whether it was contrition for the part he had acted, or shame at its being discovered, it would be difficult to define; but it was impossible for embarrassment to be greater than that which was displayed by the culprit, who instantly offered to cancel the whole of the debt.

Sentonius, however, informed him, that obligations were painful to minds of sensibility, even though they were conferred by objects of esteem; but they must be insupportable from those who had insidiously been endeavouring at once to destroy both our temporal and our eternal peace. This business being settled to my friend's satisfaction, and the whole of the debt immediately discharged, Sentonius advised Mr. C— to make some excuse to Sir Frederick for not fulfilling the engagement he had formed; declaring, that unless he chose to adopt that measure, he would minutely inform him of every circumstance that had occurred.

It was in vain the young man implored him not to drive him to this measure; lamented the depravity of his conduct, and offered to settle five hundred a-year upon Mrs. D—— for life: but nothing could induce Sentonius to alter his resolution of preventing Miss Hartley from becoming the wife of a libertine. To Grampus he spoke with much more severity than to his

his client; told him, that it was only for the sake of his wife and family, that he did not expose the whole affair; and, upon taking leave, assured him, that he should have spies upon his conduct, who would inform him whether he should prove himself deserving the lenity which had been shown him.

From the mansion of iniquity we directed our steps to the abode of wretchedness; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards, when Sentonius espied one of his domestics, who had lived with him a number of years. "Peter, (said he, in a voice of conciliation,) what is the business that brought you here?" "I heard, Sir, (replied the man,) you were coming to speak in favour of one of the culprits; and I have a letter for you, which came by an express from town."

"Merciful God! (exclaimed Sentonius,) can any new misfortune have befallen me! It must either be from my unfortunate wife, or son!" His agitation was so violent at the bare idea, that he was forced to support himself with my arm. With trembling hands he took the letter: the superscription was one that he had never seen before: this circumstance seemed to calm his agitation; and breaking the seal, he read the following words.

"Sir,

"I am requested, by a dying patient, to implore your immediate presence, that she may have the happiness of hearing her forgiveness pronounced from the lips of the man whom she has so cruelly injured, and whom, at the present moment, she assures me she loves.

"Stranger, Sir, as I am to your *person*, I am not so to your character; therefore, I will not make use of any arguments to induce you to comply; for well do I know the benevolence of your disposition, and the unbounded affection you once felt for your wife. Pity will supply the place of that sentiment, and induce

duce you to use the utmost speed. Yet much do I fear that the exhausted sufferer will not be in existence when you arrive.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"With every respectful sentiment,
"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE DANVERS."

"Unhappy woman! may the Almighty extend his mercy to thee!" exclaimed Sentonius in an affecting tone of voice: then turning to Peter, he desired him to order a chaise and four immediately, and put into my hand a fifty-pound note; requesting me to procure a comfortable lodging for the widow and her daughter; and to provide the former with a physician and a nurse. This humane task I undertook with pleasure, promising to remain at ——— a week or ten days, for the purpose of seeing that every attention was paid them, which it was possible for the power of kindness to bestow. "I envy you the gratifying employment," said Sentonius, at the same time firmly grasping my hand. The chaise appeared; he sprang into it; and, without asking his permission, I desired the faithful Peter to accompany his master to town.

I proceeded towards the prison with those gratifying sensations which the bare idea of conferring happiness naturally inspires; and the humane keeper opened the doors to me with pleasure sparkling in his expressive eyes. "Well, Sir, have you been able to make any thing of Grampus?" said he, in a voice in which something more than *curiosity* was expressed. I replied, by shewing him a discharge for his prisoner, and a receipt for the amount of the debt.

"From the moment I first put a padlock upon liberty, I never felt so much pleasure in all my life," said the being whom the sight of misfortune seemed to have softened, although it generally produces a contrary effect. From the delicate state of health under

under which the unfortunate Mrs. D—— laboured, I was aware that it would be necessary to act with precaution and care; knowing the effect which sudden joy produces upon a mind weighed down by misery and distress. It was with some difficulty that I could prevent the honest fellow from rushing into the prisoner's apartment, and loudly proclaiming her release; and all the arguments I used, could not convince him that an excess of *pleasure* might be productive of *pain*. He participated so sincerely in the widow's good fortune, that I dared not trust him out of my sight; but requested his wife to inform the ladies, that a gentleman wished to see them who meant to convey some pleasant news. Their ears had so long been strangers to agreeable intelligence, that they scarcely could credit the truth of what they heard: however, I was immediately requested to make my appearance, which I did with sensations that would be difficult to describe.

Stretched upon a clean though humble pallet, I saw one of the most interesting forms my eyes had ever beheld. Sentiment and sensibility were displayed in every feature; but misfortune had cast over them a dejected kind of shade; and the smile which she endeavoured to throw over them upon my entrance, seemed an effort of politeness, and was evidently constrained. She appeared to be about the age of forty; though the ravages of disease might have added to her years: by the side of her was placed the blooming Emily, whose expressive eyes were suffused in tears. After bending to the mother, I approached the object of her affection, and, by an involuntary impulse, extended my hand. "I am the harbinger of good tidings, (said I,) my dear young lady; and am commissioned to wait upon you by one of your mother's sincerest friends. Deeply does he regret that he was not sooner made acquainted with your situation; but he trusts that his services are not too late. In the early part of life, he received obli-

gations

gations from your deceased father; and he rejoices in being able to evince his gratitude to his widow and his child. Accident made him acquainted with the depravity of Mr. C—'s conduct; friendship induced him to discharge the debt; and business of a domestic nature having prevented him from waiting upon you, he has deputed me to act in his stead. I have orders to provide a lodging for Mrs. D———, to send a physician to her, and procure her a nurse; and to enable you to discharge any little debts that may be contracted, he has requested me to be the bearer of a fifty-pound note."

"Heaven shower down blessings upon him! (exclaimed the lovely Emily, embracing the author of her birth.) Have I not, my beloved mother, often told you, that the Almighty would raise us up a *friend?*" "*Treacherous friends*, perhaps, my Emily," said the unfortunate mother, returning the salutation of her child. "Pardon me, Sir, for doubting the motives by which your friend is actuated; but we are apt to become *suspicious* after having been *deceived*. My Emily, unfortunately, possesses many attractions; and if to *them* I am to ascribe the interference of your friend, I request you will inform him, we can support poverty with resignation; but that we are too virtuous to purchase *liberty* at the expence of disgrace."

"I admire your *sentiments*, Madam, (said I,) as much as I commiserate your situation: but we must not judge of the actions of the world in general, by the conduct of those who disgrace the name of *man*. Fortune has been lavish in worldly possessions to the being who interests himself in your welfare; but in domestic life, few men have been so ill-fated as himself. The wife whom he loved with the fondest affection, disgraced his name by an open intrigue. The son, on whose education a fortune had been expended, has brought shame and misery upon his father's head; and the friend who was bound to him

by the ties of gratitude, returned the obligations he had received, by running away with his wife! Thus, disappointed in his hopes of domestic happiness, Sentonius devotes his fortune to the relief of the distressed; and your situation, Madam, having been represented to him, from the most *disinterested* motives he discharged the debt."

"May that Being who bestowed this benevolent disposition upon him, permit him in time to receive its due reward! (said the grateful and astonished Mrs. D———, raising her eyes towards the throne of mercy and grace.) I no longer, Sir, (continued she,) doubt the purity of your friend's intention; but his desire of serving *me*, I fear, comes too late; for the unexpected strokes of misfortune I have met with, have proved too severe for a susceptible mind to sustain; and I feel myself rapidly sinking under them; but, through *you*, I will implore his friendship for my child!" At the bare idea of leaving her Emily, her voice faultered, and she burst into an affecting flood of tears: the tender drops became contagious, and it was with difficulty I could restrain my own. At that moment the honest gaoler entered. "Well, Madam, (said he,) I give you joy: and had it not been for that there gentleman, I should have had the pleasure of first telling you the news! I likes to make peoples' hearts *merry*, and I do not see why there should be any form; but he seemed to be as fearful of putting you into a *combustion*, as if he was going to tell you the most *horridest tale*. I hope your honour will please to forgive me, for I am sure I don't mean to offend; but I can safely say, that since I have been in office, I never felt so much pleasure as when you told me Madam was released."

"Of your kindness, my worthy friend, (replied Mrs. D———,) I shall ever remain sensible: we owe you more than language is able to express; and if fortune should ever smile upon me, I will prove my sense of our obligations more forcibly than by

words." "There now, (said the honest fellow,) you make quite *a fool of me;* (wiping the starting tear with the sleeve of his coat.) I hates to hear you talk in that kind of manner, it gives me such a dev'lish lump in my throat."

To turn the conversation into a different channel, I enquired whether Mrs. D—— knew any person in the town; informing her, that I must immediately procure lodgings, or I should not fulfil my friend's commands. Upon her telling me that she was unacquainted with any person, I addressed myself to the master of the house, who said that his wife's sister had some very pretty apartments, and that she did not live above three hundred yards off. Thither I went, and succeeded in my embassy: but the invalid refused to quit her abode before night. The mistress of the lodgings recommended a nurse to me; and I requested the first physician in the town to call at nine o'clock. Though it was not necessary that he should be made acquainted with his patient's *history*, yet I thought it right that he should be informed she had experienced much agitation of mind; and to *that* he ascribed the greater part of her symptoms, and gave me the strongest hopes of preserving her life.

On the following morning I fulfilled my promise of writing to Sentonius; and received an answer by return of post, thanking me, in the warmest terms, for having acted as the agent of his benevolence; and informing me, that his wife had lived to receive the forgiveness he was so ready to grant. An easy mind, good air, and comfortable accommodation, soon produced an astonishing effect upon the invalid's health: in less than ten days she was enabled to quit her apartment, and even to walk in the garden, supported by Emily and the nurse.

At the expiration of a fortnight, Sentonius returned to us. I described the astonishing effect which his generosity had produced; but several days

elapsed before I could persuade him to visit the being whom he had raised from the grave. "Who knows, (said he,) my friend, what an effect may be produced by my visit? The amiable woman may consider herself *obliged;* and the agitation she may experience, by giving way to her feelings, in all probability will produce a relapse. I am resolved, therefore, not to call until she has given you a promise, not even to revert to that which is past: I was the means of preventing Mr. C—— from settling five hundred a year upon her; and that sum shall be regularly paid from my purse: it is not any thing more than what she has a right to *claim* from *me;* and if she wishes for my acquaintance, the subject must not be named."

I repeated every word of this interesting conversation to the lady whom it immediately concerned; and so anxious was she to behold her benefactor, that she unconditionally consented to his terms. I had informed Sentonius that she was remarkably interesting; that sentiment was depictured on her countenance; and that sensibility modulated every tone of her voice; notwithstanding which, I observed, upon his introduction, that he seemed at once delighted, and surprized. The lady scrupulously observed the directions I had given her; though it was evident that her full heart panted for relief; and she said to me in a whisper, "I should be happy, if only permitted to say *I was obliged.*"

Sentonius conducted himself as if he had been the obliged party; never did I see him treat a female with so much respect: but to Emily there was an affectionate kindness in his manner, that seemed to say, you must consider me as the firmest of your mother's friends. I had merely remained at —— for the purpose of gratifying my friend's wishes. When he arrived from London, my presence was no longer required; I therefore informed him, it was my intention to return to my family on the following morning.

ing. The amiable Mrs. D——— heard my resolution of quitting their society with symptoms of the sincerest regret and concern; but, to my utter astonishment, Sentonius did not express a wish of preventing my return. Near a month elapsed without my hearing any thing from him; though he informed me, he should be at home in the course of two or three days; when I received the following letter, which excited a mixture of pleasure and surprise.

"To Henry S———, Esq.

"My dear friend,

"The gloomy prospect which for so many years has surrounded me, I have the satisfaction of telling you, is unexpectedly dispersed; the sun of happiness illumines the path before me, and roses spring up in the place of thorns. Oh, my friend! how diversified, how chequered, is this sublunary existence! What astonishing vicissitudes does a short space of time produce! I, who a few weeks back thought life scarce worth possessing, feel myself suddenly attached to the world, and look forward to the enjoyment of as much felicity as it is possible for a human being to taste.

"Pity has been called the sister of *Affection*, and to that sentiment possibly may be ascribed the vulnerable state of my heart; for, I confess to you, that from the first moment I beheld the amiable Mrs. D———, emotions to which I had long been a stranger animated my breast. These were not merely produced by the interesting sweetness of her manners, by personal attraction, or by the display of a well-cultivated mind; but by a variety of charming traits, which I had heard of her disposition, and by the peculiar misfortunes she has endured. Still it was necessary that I should discover whether our sentiments were congenial; or, at least, whether there was that degree of dissimilarity which would be likely to embitter

each others lives. I likewise thought it possible that *gratitude* might supply the place of *affection*, and I wished to inspire a more ardent emotion in my wife.

"That our dispositions accord in a variety of instances, I am certain; and that she feels for me a livelier sentiment than esteem, I have discovered by those little stratagems which are allowable in affairs of love. Had I used the same precaution before my former marriage, what years of misery should I have escaped! But at that period I was a mere schoolboy; for when the indissoluble knot was tied, I was little more than eighteen. Convinced that this excellent woman was not indifferent to me, I this morning made her an offer of my hand; and I have the gratification of saying, my suit was not rejected; though she expressed a desire that the ceremony should be deferred for some months. This compliment she wished me to pay to the memory of the ill-fated Eliza. But why should happiness be sacrificed to *fashion* or *caprice*? We both have passed the age of *forty*, and may not be permitted to enjoy each other's society many years. I used this, and several other arguments, to induce her to comply with my earnest desires, and at length so far succeeded, as to obtain the promise of her hand in a month.

Whatever alterations she wishes to have made in my establishment, I shall defer until she takes possession of my house; but I will request you to see that every thing is in order for her reception against the time which I have named. The ceremony will be performed with the greatest privacy; and the moment it is over, I shall conduct the object of my affection to her future home; and to make that *home* the seat of *happiness*, will be the constant study of your friend.

"I mean to settle eight hundred a year upon my intended consort, independent of what I may bequeath her in my will; and on the day of my marriage, I shall present the lovely Emily with five thousand

thousand pounds. To the worthy fellow through whose representation I became acquainted with this incomparable woman, I mean to give five hundred pounds, as a mark of my esteem and gratitude, and as a reward for the benevolent feelings of his heart.

"Adieu, my friend; believe me

"Ever yours most faithfully."

Such was the letter I received from Sentonius: the pleasure I experienced at perusing it, language but faintly can describe. "How unsearchable are thy ways, (I exclaimed,) Father of the universe! how wonderful are thy dealings with the sons of men! The bruised reed is bound up, the sorrowing heart is made joyful; and the man who only tasted pleasure from promoting the happiness of others, is now destined to experience a refined portion of human bliss himself." A selfish idea, however, crossed my imagination. "*Benevolent Rambles,* (said I, involuntarily,) are now at an end." I checked myself, however, as if I had uttered a sacrilegious sentence; and rejoiced in the felicity which awaited the most amiable of men.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE announce of a LADY'S SHAKESPEARE, which I have lately noticed in a periodical publication, is truly grateful to me, and will, I am certain, give pleasure to numbers of my sex. If, as is there professed, the Editor is a person of knowledge and experience, his work cannot fail to be very favourably received; for it must be allowed, that though Editions of the Bard of Avon have been multiplied to an unprecedented degree, not one has yet appeared, that is in every respect fit to be put into the hands of the Ladies; of the young, in particular.

The

The learned and the curious philologist may feel a natural partiality for the Plays of Shakespeare as he left them; critics may labour to restore the readings of the early editions; and commentators to explain the meaning of antiquated phrases, and obsolete modes of diction; but, for the unlettered and the innocent female, it will undoubtedly be most desirable to possess a selection of the most popular Dramas, and to be able to read them as they are now represented on the stage.

I assure you, that I have more than once been vexed and disappointed, by referring to my Shakespeare, after seeing a play that has interested me. The variations are so great in general, between the *printed* and the *acted* Dramas, that I have often been tempted to think the young Oxonian was right, (though the laugh was against him,) who, having purchased a celebrated Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, and finding that it did not correspond with what he had seen performed on the stage, returned it to the Bookseller, with this sapient remark, "You have sold me a spurious book."

EUPHEMIA.

THE PROVERB REVERSED.

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush," is a proverb that may have a very good moral. But I believe, if we could inculcate a quite contrary doctrine, it would be of much more general utility: it is, methinks, what is *not in hand* that seems to require our principal attention. The sacrifice of the present to the future, if a fault, seems too rare to require a particular caution; and to be like some unnatural crimes, in no danger of becoming epidemical.

A.

ORDERS

ORDERS FOR HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS;

First devised by JOHN HARYNGTON, *in the yeare* 1566, *and renewed by* JOHN HARYNGTON, *sonne of the saide John, in the yeare* 1592; *the saide John, the sonne, being then High Shrieve of the County of Somerset.*

IMPRIMIS. That no servant be absent from prayer, at morning or evening, without a lawful excuse, to be alledged within one day after, upon pain to forfeit, for every time, 2d.

II. Item, That none swear any oath, upon pain for every oath, 1d.

III. Item, That no man leave any door open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, upon pain for every time, 1d.

IV. Item, That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night: nor, from Michaelmas to our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning; nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on pain of 2d.

V. Item, That no man's bed be unmade, nor fire or candle-box unclean, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on pain of 1d.

VI. Item, That no man wait at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be upon some good cause, on pain of 1d.

VII. Item, That no man appointed to wait at my table, be absent that meal, without reasonable cause on pain of 1d.

VIII. Item, If any man break a glass, he shall answer to the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it be not known who brake it, the butler shall pay for it, on pain of 12d.

IX. Item, The table must be covered half an hour before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on pain of 2d.

X. Item,

X. Item, That meat be ready at 11, or before, at dinner, and 6, or before, at supper, on pain of 6d.

XI. Item, That none be absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or any part of it, on pain of 4d.

XII. Item, That no man strike his fellow, on pain of loss of service; nor revile or threaten, or provoke another to strike, on pain of 12d.

XIII. Item, That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on pain of 1d. and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.

XIV. Item, That no man teach any of the children any unhonest speech, or bad word, or oath, on pain of 4d.

XV. Item, That none toy with the maids on pain of 4d.

XVI. Item, That no man wear foul shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or doublet without buttons, on pain of 1d.

XVII. Item, That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed up again within 4 hours after, on pain of 1d.

XVIII. Item, That the hall be made clean every day by eight in the winter, and seven in the summer, on pain of him that should do it to forfeit 1d.

XIX. That the court-gate be shut each meal, and not opened during dinner or supper, without just cause, on pain the porter to forfeit, for every time, 1d.

XX. Item, That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that need shall require, be made clean on Friday after dinner, on pain of forfeiture of every one whom it shall belong unto, 3d.

All which sums shall be duly paid each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poor, or other godly use.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

May 15, 1804.

MR. COLMAN's elegant little Theatre opened to-night, with the Play of The *Mountaineers*, and the Afterpiece of *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*. Mr. ELLISTON's acting in the interesting and popular character of *Octavian*, is already so well known to the town, that it will suffice to say, that this night it was received with all its wonted applause. In the scene in which he meets *Floranthe*, he was peculiarly happy. The character of *Lope Tocho* served to introduce a new actor to the town—Mr. NOBLE, from the Theatres of Edinburgh and Newcastle. This gentleman felt some diffidence, and to this we ascribe a certain degree of feebleness in the cast of his humour, which, however, was chaste and pleasing. There were one or two touches in it more vivid than the rest, which leave us little reason to doubt that he will be a successful performer here. Miss HOWELLS was delightful in *Agnes*. Mr. DE CAMP improves much in his acting. There was a little grimance in his *Sadi*, that injured its effect; but it was generally very spirited. The After-piece was played with all its former excellence and success. *Captain Beldare* and *Risk* cannot be in better hands than those of Mr. ELLISTON and Mr. MATTHEWS. The favourite song of *Miss Bailey* was *encored*. We were glad to see this Theatre open in a very auspicious manner; for the house was early crowded, and the Boxes displayed much splendour and fashion. Both Pieces were received with great applause, and the audience departed well satisfied.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

A Straw Hat, turned up in Front, ornamented with Roses. A short round Dress of pale Pink Muslin, trimmed round the Bottom with broad White Lace; White Tassels. Habit Shirt of Muslin, trimmed with Lace.

FULL DRESS.

A Turban of White Muslin, White Ostrich Feathers. Long round Dress of White Muslin, embroidered down the Front, and round the Bottom, with Gold; each Side of the Gold trimmed with Blond Lace: Sleeves looped up in Front, with Gold Cord and Tassels. Fan, and Ridicule.

Apollonian

Sands del et sculp.

WALKING DRESS

FULL DRESS

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

BRITISH VALOUR.

WHILE French gasconade, and a Corsican's wiles,
Threaten sweeping destruction to Liberty's Isles,
Let Britons reflect on the laurels they've gain'd,
When Egypt's bare desarts with blood were distain'd.

The conquests we've gain'd by our armies will shew
That by *none they're excell'd*—they are *equall'd* by *few*—
While Cressy and Agincourt proudly maintain,
That when Britons *contend*, they contend not in *vain*.

Can Frenchmen compare with a nation so brave,
Who from liberty fall'n, are the dupes of a slave?*
Did they hope for success, or knew—*when*—*where*—and *how*—
They had surely invaded us long before now.

Should the wind prove propitious, and waft them safe o'er,
Our naval salute is the loud cannon's roar;
Should they 'scape our brave tars by some fortunate chance,
Our numerous armies then boldly advance.

See! our Sov'reign, belov'd, rears his standard on high,
Resolv'd with his people to conquer or die:
While thousands press forward with ardor and zeal,
Their actions all *speak*—and they speak what they *feel*.

* A slave of his passions.

Thus prepar'd, let each Consular slave but reflect,
His courage will fail, his presumption be check'd;
E're they *injure* our King, or his person come near,
They must *strike through the heart* of each brave *volunteer*.

ACMET.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST

Singing at Delia's Window.

SOOTHING songster, do not fly;
Why at my approach so shy?
Thou, who happy, lov'st to be
Perch'd in Delia's company;
Singing sweetly thro' the day,
At her window—pleasing lay!
But she cannot kinder be,
Than I'll prove—sweet bird! to thee.
I'll fetch thee crumbs, and worms most small
From the ivy'd abbey wall;
Crystal dew from yonder mead,
In an oyster's shell convey'd:
This, and more, I'll do for thee,
If thou, sweet bird, wilt plead for me.—
Since she so admires thy strain,
Sure thou can'st not sue in vain.
Tell her, then, at ev'ning grey,
When day's shadows flee away,
Then, while softest pity moves,
Warble gently—*Strephon loves.*
If she deigns to hear thy song,
Thus the plaintive tale prolong—
Tell her—Strephon's constant heart
Feels each day increasing smart;
Tell her—that he pines away
The sleepless night and tedious day.
Tell her—No, that must not be,
Lest she all my weakness see.
Surely, songster, then, 'twere wrong,
Thus, tho' false, then, be thy song;
Tell her—it is all a lie,
Strephon scorns for love to die!
Tell her—Strephon's heart's at ease;
Tell her—Redbreast, what you please.
So you gain her love for me,
Then thou best of birds shalt be!

Totnes, Devon. W. HANNAFORD.

ADDRESS

Spoken by MR. HURLEY, *at the Sheffield Theatre, to the* EARL OF EFFINGHAM, *and* SHEFFIELD VOLUNTEERS.

BY MR. E. RHODES.

(Speaks as entering.)

"HANG up your banners on the outer walls,"
The cry is still—"they come!"—SHAKSPEARE.
And let them come; who talks, who thinks of fear,
When every British lad's a volunteer?
When good old England sees her patriot host
Form the firm line that guards their native coast?
Nor less her pride, she sees the hardy tar,
Nurs'd in the strife of elemental war,
Tho' tempests blacken, and the surges roar,
His watch-tow'r keep on Gallia's hostile shore;
Safe in whose ports the pent-up mischief rides,
Aw'd by that power that triumphs o'er the tides;
Whilst frenzied hatred, scowling o'er the main,
Rolls the fierce eye, and champs the teeth in vain.
Our fathers found this Island poor and rude;
With social joys they cheer'd the solitude:
They gave it laws, religion, power, and state;
They gave it all that makes a nation great;
They spread its empire o'er the subject sea;
They made it *strong* and *rich*—they made it *free;*
And shall in aftertimes our children say,
We gave the dear inheritance away?
What! we the dear inheritance forego?
No!—by the spirit of our fathers!—no!
Celestial Peace, all lovely as thou art;
Dear as the blood that warms the human heart;
Patron of science—nurse of every good;
The rich man's blessing, and the poor man's food;
O might thy gentle influence prevail;
Trade ope her mines, and commerce spread her sail;
Yet what avails, sweet Peace! thy loveliest charms,
When injur'd England cries aloud, "To arms!"
To arms with eager haste her sons advance,
And single-handed dare the power of France,
England alone!—degenerate Europe hear,
By every tie that honor holds most dear;
By thy long suffering, by thy alter'd state;
Thy great made little, and thy little great;

And O, by fair Italia's ravag'd plains,
By her sack'd cities, and her plunder'd fanes;
By Egypt's wrongs! and by that dreadful night,
When old Nile listen'd to Aboukir's fight;
By the hot blood, that smok'd on Jaffa's plains;
By the fell drug, that drank the sick man's veins;
By Abercromby's death! by all the brave,
Who sought, and found with him, a soldier's grave;
Europe, awake! why slumbers still thy might?
Glory shall prompt, and Conquest crown the fight.
Batavia yet may cast her chains away,
And hail the dawning of a brighter day;
The voice of Gladness cheer her childrens' hearts,
And commerce throng her now forsaken marts.
E'en the poor Swiss, oppress'd and harass'd long,
May tune to Liberty his mountain song;
May find restor'd his heritage on earth,
And once more love the place which gave him birth.
But tho' no *Tell* in Europe's cause embark,
And speed thine arrow, Freedom, to its mark;
Tho' bleeding nations feel the Oppressor's chain,
And mourn their mightiest struggle, made in vain;
Yet thy green Isle, O Britain, still shall be
The home, the proudest home, of *Liberty*.

ON COLIN's TALKATIVE WIFE.

POOR Colin, in view
Of happiness true,
Had wedded a damsel for life;
But too late he discern'd
She quietness spurn'd;
No mortal had e'er such a wife!

E'en night, morn, and noon,
Her tongue was in tune,
'Twas in vain t' attempt a reply;
Like swift water, that flows,
If you dare to oppose,
With fury redoubled 'twill fly.

"When I'm dead and gone,
"As sure as you're born,
"You'll *miss* me," said Bridget, one night;
"Why that can't be denied,"
Sly Colin replied,
"Indeed, you're for once in the right."

F.

ODE TO HOPE.

BY MR. HACKETT.

Where is to-morrow?—In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could outspin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

THOU sainted form, whom bards invoke
When press'd by Sorrow's leaden yoke,
This drooping heart inspire!
For much I need thy radiant power,
To gild these deepen'd glooms, that lower
Around my woe-strung lyre.

II.

For thou can'st pencil golden days,
Illum'd by thy soft-streaming rays,
And crown'd with joy and truth:
Come then, bright Hope, to cheer my breast,
And chase the fears my soul infest,
And sap the joys of youth!

III.

Oh, still thy lustrous light impart
On deeper fears, that pierce my heart,
And bid the spectres fly:
Oh! give me, by thy raptur'd aid,
The sweet, the soul-subduing maid,
For whom I fervent sigh!

IV.

For if the vow which scorns deceit,
The love where honor rears its seat,
Deserve the blooming prize;
Sure I may justly press my claim,
And find success await my flame
In wedlock's blissful ties.

V.

All-cheering Hope! at thy bright beams,
Imperious Grief's terrific dreams
Resistless flit away;
For I have felt their lenient balm,
And grateful own their magic charm,
That chang'd my night to day.

VI.

But, oh! when Sickness shades the brow,
Constraining Health her head to bow,
How blest are then thy rays!
Wrapt in thy scenes, the victim roves
Through flowery fields, and rustling groves,
And many a verdant maze.

VII.

He snuffs the scented breeze of morn,
That gently sweeps the yielding corn,
And feels his frame revive;
Nor knows to thy inspiring power
He owes the gaily-circling hour
In which 'tis heav'n to live!

VIII.

Sweet Hope! be thou my guardian-friend;
Thy softly-soothing influence lend
Along life's chequer'd way;
And I'll adore thy hallow'd name,
And prove in ev'ry change the same,
Nor once abjure thy sway!

Temple.

IMPROMPTU

On Ink, which disappears while reading, unless held near the Fire.

READER, behold! arrest the fleeting shade,
Ere like the summer's leaf my beauties fade;
The symbol just of Beauty's fading charms,
Which disappear when *youth* no longer warms.

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Cow-slip.

II.—Pen-knife.

NEW

NEW CHARADE.

Sent by a Gentleman to a Lady, who had requested him to write one.

A CHARADE, Amanda, you told me to write;
A charade I therefore have sent:
The *first* is to me far more precious than light;
More strong than the bow that's unbent.

It yields like the bow—and is not to be broke
By Fortune's rough blasts, or rude shock;
Nay, more—it can soften Adversity's stroke,
Yet is firm as the base of a rock.

My *second's* a bulwark, and guard of defence,
The honor and boast of our land,
And yet is devoid both of honor and sense.
Now, tell me, can you understand?

My *whole*, with much ease, I trust you will guess,
For it long has been given to you;
'Tis a balm to assuage the pangs of distress,
And the dove to its mate not more true.

Correspondence, &c.

The "Sequel to Adelbert" *will be given in a future Number.*

"The Culture of the Female Mind,"—*a* "Descant on Benevolence,"—"Select Sentences, No. 5,"—*and* "Answer to Emily's Resolve," *p.* 208, *shall have a place in our next.*

"Robert and Jane," *and* "Edward Cadogan," *are necessarily deferred on account of their length.*

An Address from the "Fraternity of Old Maids to a Gentleman their President," *is inadmissible: and, with some reluctance, we must place with it, on the same musty shelf, two Acrostics; one intitled* "The Hermit, to a Young Lady on her Birth-day;" *and the other, to* "F—— W——."

In consequence of the present Number completing the Twelfth Volume of The Lady's Museum, *and including the Preface, Index, &c. we are under the unavoidable necessity of omitting several favors from our Poetical Correspondents, which we fully intended to have inserted: we must therefore trespass on their patience till next Month, when the following shall meet with due attention.*

"Song, Wine," *by* Oisean,—"Lovers' Vows,"—*Verses* "On hearing Miss S. T." *&c.*—"Ode addressed to a favorite Cat,"—"Sonnet to Joe Pullen's Tree," *&c.*—*and* "Song," *by* J. J. S.

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